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## POPULAR SELECTIONS.

### THE DARK MAID OF ILLINOIS.

BY THE HON. JUDGE HALL.

The French, who first explored the beautiful shores of the Mississippi, and its tributary streams, believed they had found a terrestrial paradise. Their warm and sprightly imaginations were easily excited to lively admiration by scenes so grand, so lovely, and so wild, as those presented in this boundless wilderness of woods and flowers. The great length of the magnificent rivers filled them with amazement; while the reputed wealth, and fancied productions of the country, awakened both avarice and curiosity.

Delighted with this extensive and fertile region, they roamed far and wide over its boundless prairies, and pushed their little barks into every navigable stream. Their inoffensive manners procured them a favorable reception; their cheerfulness and suavity conciliated even the savage warrior, whose suspicious nature discovered no cause of alarm in the visits of these gay strangers. Divided into small parties, having different objects in view, they pursued their several designs without collision, and with little concert. One sought fame, another searched for mines of gold as opulent as those which had enriched the Spaniards in a more southern part of the same continent. One came to discover new countries, another to collect rare and non-descript specimens of natural curiosities; one traveled to see man in a state of nature, another brought the gospel to the heathen; while, perhaps, a great number roved carelessly among these interesting scenes, indulging their curiosity, or their love of adventure, and seeking no higher gratification than that which the novelty and excitement of the present moment afforded.

Among the latter was Pierre Blondo, who, having served a regular apprenticeship to an eminent barber at Paris, commenced the world on his own account, in the character of valet to an excellent Dominican priest, who was about to visit America. Never were two human beings more unlike than Pierre and his master. The worthy Dominican was learned and benevolent; grave, austere, and self-denying;—the valet was a jolly, rattling madcap; who, as he never hesitated to grant a favor, or civility, to any human being, thought it right to be equally obliging to himself, and never mortified his own flesh, or his neighbor's feelings. The priest mourned over the depravity of the human race, and especially deprecated the frivolous habits of his countrymen; the valet not only believed this to be the best of all possible worlds, but prided himself particularly in being a native of the country which produced the best fiddlers, cooks, and barbers on the habitable globe. In short, the master was a priest, and the man a hair-dresser; they both loved and endeavored to improve their species; but the one dealt with the inner, the other with the outer man;—one endeavored to enlighten the dark abyss of the ignorant heart, while the other sedulously scraped the superfluities from the superficies of the visage. Father Francis was a mysterious, silent, ascetic man; Pierre was as mercurial and merry a lad as ever flourished a pair of scissors.

However they might differ in other respects, there was one particular in which Father Francis and his man Pierre exactly agreed; namely, in an ardent desire to explore the streams, the forests, and the valleys of Louisiana. The priest came to spread the gospel among the heathen, to arrest their vices, and to explode their human sacrifices; the valet traveled to see the lion with one horn, the fountain of rejuvenescence, the white-breasted swans, and the dark-skinned girls of Illinois. Pierre's researches into American history had been considerable; and his opportunities for acquiring knowledge, singularly felicitous. He had shaved gentlemen who had been there; had scraped the very cheeks which were embrowned by the sun of the western Indies, and held, betwixt his thumb and finger, the identical nostrils that had inhaled the delicious odors of Florida—the land of flowers. He had listened with admiration to their wonderful stories, some of which almost staggered his credulity; and he thought it at least marvelous, that the birds should be snowy white,

and the ladies black; that the men should be beardless, and the lions have horns; and that gold-dust, grapes, and oranges, should glow and glitter in a wilderness where there were none but wild men to gather them.

During the passage, Pierre became a great favorite with his fellow voyagers. He played the flute, sang merry songs, shaved the sailors gratis, and on Sundays brushed up the captain as fine as a grenadier. He felt so happy himself, that he tried to make every body happy around him. He amused himself in fancying the adventures that awaited him, the fine sights he should see, and the heaps upon heaps of gold and jewels that he should pick up in the new world. He thought himself a second Columbus, and had no doubt that high honors would be conferred upon him on his return—the king would make him a marquis, and M. Corneille, who was then in the meridian of his fame, would write a play, and tell his exploits in poetry. The prime-minister would probably offer him his daughter in marriage, and a cloud passed over the brow of the merry Frenchman, as he reflected that it would be proper to make the lady miserable, by refusing the honor of the alliance. "Very much obliged to him," said Pierre, as he sat musing on the fore-castle, gazing at a long stream of moonlight, that sparkled on the undulating waves, "very much obliged, but I must decline the honor; for there is pretty little Annette, that I have promised to marry, and who shall never have reason to weep for my inconstancy. She is neither rich nor noble, but what of that? When I am master of a gold-mine, and a marquis of France, I can elevate her to my own rank; and I will hang strings of pearl, and ornaments of solid gold about her pretty neck and her slender waist, in such profusion, that the meanness of her birth will be forgotten in the glitter of her attire." Thus did Pierre enjoy the luxury of hope, and revel in anticipation upon the bright prospects that beamed upon his delightful fancy. Their vessel flew rapidly over the waves, and after a prosperous voyage, the new world spread its illimitable shores, its gigantic mountains, and wooded vales, before their delighted eyes.

Shortly after their arrival at Montreal, an expedition was concerted to the newly-discovered region of the Mississippi, and Father Francis made his arrangements to accompany the party. Pierre, who in the long voyage across the Atlantic, comparatively agreeable as it was, had become wearied of the confinement and privations incident to this inconvenient mode of traveling, looked at the little boats launched on the St. Lawrence, for the transportation of the party, with some distrust, and evinced a considerable deal of reluctance against embarking in a new adventure. In Montreal he had found some of the luxuries which he had enjoyed at home, and had been deprived of on ship-board. There were barbers and cook-shops, to shave and feed him; and new as the city was, there was a monastery and a ball-room, in the first of which he could be seated in a snug confessional, when he went to tell his sins to the priest, and in the other he could dance without knocking his head against a yard, or running the risk of jumping overboard. Other considerations, however, weighed against his indolence and love of pleasure. He longed to discover the fountain of rejuvenescence, to bathe in its renovating waters, and secure the miraculous gifts of perpetual youth. He panted for the dignity of being sole owner of a gold-mine, and returning to merry France with a ship-load of treasure—for the honor of nobility, the pleasure of refusing the prime-minister's daughter, and the pride of making Annette a marchioness. Incited by hopes so brilliant, and so remarkably reasonable, the spirit of adventure was re-animating in his bosom, and he embarked with newly invigorated alacrity. They ascended, with much toil, the rapid current of the noble St. Lawrence, meandering among its thousand isles, and gazing with delight on its rocky and luxuriant shores. They coasted the grand and beautiful lakes of the north, enraptured with the beauty and variety of the scenery; and surveyed, with amazement, the great cataract which has been the wonder of succeeding generations. Every night they encamped upon the banks, and the forest rang with the cheerful sounds of merriment. Sometimes they met the Indians,

who gazed at them as superior beings, and either fled in terror, or endeavored to conciliate them by kindness and hospitality. Happy would it have been for our country, and for human nature, had the civilized adventurers to this continent, conducted themselves in such a manner as to have deepened and indelibly engraved upon the savage mind, the feelings of profound respect which their first appearance excited.

When they reached the southern end of Lake Michigan, the waters were high, and they floated over the inundated lands, pushing their boats among the trees of the forest, until they found the current, which had set towards the north, began to flow off in the opposite direction, and floated them into a small stream, running towards the south. Here they halted for some days to hunt, and repair their boats; and when they arrived at the Illinois, the flood had subsided, and the waters were flowing quietly within their natural channel, through the silent forest.

Pierre seemed to awaken to a new existence when the boats entered upon this beautiful river; and he felt a thrill of pleasure as he surveyed the placid stream and its lovely shores. The river, deep, unobstructed, and clear as crystal, flows with a current so gentle as to be almost imperceptible, while the overhanging trees protect it from the wind, keeping it as still and inviolate as the fountain that sleeps in its native cave. The stately swan sailed upon a mirror that reflected her downy plumage, and the gaudy parrot, rich in green and golden hues, sported among the tall trees. The tangled grape vines hung in heavy masses from the boughs, and the wild fruit trees dipped their limbs in the water. Here and there the tall bluffs jutted in upon the river, impressing their gracefully curved outlines upon the clear blue ground of the sky, and throwing their long, deep shadows upon the water. Sometimes they saw herds of buffaloes, drinking at the edge of the stream, sometimes the lazy bear wallowing in the mire, and occasionally the slender deer, standing in the timid attitude of attention, with one foot raised, and the nose thrust forward to "scent the approach of danger upon the tainted breeze;" while every secluded inlet, or shaded cove, was filled with screaming wild fowl, of an infinite variety of plumage.

The travelers arrived, at length, at an Indian village, where they were entertained with great hospitality. The chief received them, surrounded by his warriors, painted in gay colors, and decked with feathers symbolical of peace, and a great company, of different ages, and both sexes, was assembled to do them honor. The hump of the buffalo, the head of the elk, and the marrowy tail of the beaver were dressed for them, with all the skill of aboriginal gourmandism; they were feasted besides upon bear's oil, jerked venison, hominy, and delicate roasted puppies, and the juicy steams of these delicious viands, unvitiated by the villainous artificial mixtures of European cookery, were pleasantly compounded with the balmy odors of the forest. Father Francis, among other monastic attainments, had acquired a very competent knowledge of the art of good eating, and did ample justice to the hospitality of his entertainers; but being a reformer of morals, he determined to show his gratitude by delivering, before his new friends, a homily against intemperance; resolving at the same time to suggest the propriety of seasoning such gross meats with a few wholesome condiments; for to his taste, the eating of flesh without salt, pepper, or sauce, was mere cannibalism. Pierre was a reformer too, and he made up his mind to improve the gastronomic science of his country, whenever he should become a marquis, by adding the buffalo's tongue and hump, and the elk's head, to the luxuries of the Parisian bill of fare. The cooking of puppies he thought an unchristian and dangerous innovation, which might lead to the destruction of some of the most harmless of the human race, who are included under that appellation.

Having feasted the adventurers, the Indians presented them with feathers, belts, moccasins, and dressed skins; and the chief, in the profusion of his generosity, offered to Father Francis fifteen beautiful young girls, but the good monk, as any prudent man would have done,



wisely declined so troublesome an increase of his family. Pierre thought he would have ordered things differently; he winked, shrugged, hinted, and at last ventured to beg, that he might be allowed to take at least one of them to Paris, as a curiosity; but the priest advised him to carry a swan, a parrot, a rattlesnake, or a pet buffalo in preference. Finally, a soft couch of buffalo robes was spread for Father Francis, and a number of young girls stood round him as he reposed, fanning him with the snowy wings of the swan, and driving away the musketoes with bunches of gaudy feathers. Pierre thought this a very grand ceremony, and quite comfortable withal, and determined, that when he became the proprietor of a gold-mine, he would enjoy the luxury of sleep with a similar attendance.

Father Francis took an early occasion to say a word in season to the savages, on the great business of his mission. They heard him with gravity, and promised to take the matter into consideration; but as their intercourse was wholly by signs, it is not likely that they were greatly edified. He showed them a telescope, a mariner's compass, and a watch, and endeavored to explain their several properties; they listened with attention, offered food to the watch, which they supposed to be a living animal, looked with fear at the telescope, and picked the old man's pocket while he was lecturing upon natural philosophy. Upon the whole, the savages showed great capabilities for the pursuits of civilized life.

The next morning the young warriors dispersed themselves in the neighboring groves, to paint their bodies, and decorate their heads. This is the most important employment of an Indian's life. No beau, or dandy, or exquisite, in any part of the world, spends more time in the laborious duties of the toilet, than is consumed by the savage in decorating his person. Pierre went among them, bowing and smiling in his usual obliging manner, with his razors, combs, scizzors and pomatums, and after exhibiting specimens of his skill upon himself, he prevailed upon some of his new acquaintances to place themselves under his hands. He was a complete adept in his own art, and, directed by the slight observations he had been enabled to make, painted up some of the savages after their own fashion with peculiar elegance, and to their entire satisfaction. They were delighted with his clever and obliging talents. He exhibited his lancet and tooth-drawers, and explained their use by significant gestures, and the savages, supposing them to be delicate instruments for torturing prisoners of war, patted him on the head as a valuable auxiliary. A pocket mirror, and some trinkets which he displayed, won their admiration, and they soon determined, that although Father Francis might be the highest in rank, Pierre was far the greatest man, and most valuable acquaintance. Such are the triumphs of genius! Pierre had ventured upon a delicate experiment, in which a hundred of the most consummately skilled artists might have failed, where one would have been successful; he had touched the fortunate spring, and found the talisman to fame and fortune. In the fullness of his heart he opened a small package of looking-glasses which he had brought for traffic, and distributed them among the warriors, presenting the largest and most elegant to the chief, who was so much delighted, that he instantly, with princely liberality, offered him his daughter in marriage. Happy Pierre! He was that day the proudest of men, and the most blissful of barbers!

Pierre had many scruples whether he should accept this generous offer—not that he considered it above his merits—on the contrary, he gave the chief great credit for having had the acuteness to discover his genius, and the discrimination to know how to appreciate it. But he had not forgotten his obligations to Annette. Poor little Annette, what would she think, if he should marry another lady? He was sure she would never stand it. "No," said he, "I will be true to Annette; I have promised her my hand, and a share in my gold-mine; and nothing shall ever make me act in a manner unbecoming a French gentleman." Having formed this heroic resolution, he put his hat on one side of his head, and strutted through the village with the independent air of a man who chooses to do as he pleases, and with the self-satisfied countenance of one who has made a virtuous resolution.

But Pierre knew little of the frailty of his own heart. He began to reflect that the lady tendered to his acceptance was the daughter of a king, and reasoning in his own mind that the proposed alliance would make him a prince, and heir apparent, he had strong doubts whether patriotism and the honor of the French nation, did

not require him to sacrifice his affections to the glory and advantage of giving a civilized king to the Illini. Napoleon has since been called upon to decide a similar question; and Pierre, though not a great warrior, loved his country and himself as well as Napoleon. He reflected further, that the possession of the sovereign power would be the readiest way to the discovery of the fountain of rejuvenescence; the gold-mines would all be his own, and he could send Annette a ship load of the precious metal. Moreover, he had already discovered, that in the new world it was the custom for great men to have a plurality of wives—a custom that seemed to him to be founded in good sense—and he saw no reason why he should not comply with it, and with the first cargo of gold he should send to France, despatch an invitation to Annette to share his prosperity, and the happiness of his tawny bride.

So he determined to marry the lady; and having thus definitely settled the question, thought it would be proper to take the advice of his spiritual guide. Father Francis admonished him of the sin of marrying a heathen, and the wickedness of breaking his plighted troth, and assured him in advance, that such conduct would bring down upon him the displeasure of the church. Pierre thanked him with the most humble appearance of conviction, and forthwith proceeded to gratify his own inclination, believing that in the affair of wedlock he knew what was for his good, quite as well as a holy monk, who, to the best of his judgment could know very little about the matter.

On the following morning the marriage took place, with no other ceremony than the delivery of the bride into the hands of her future husband. Pierre was as happy as bridegrooms usually are, for his companion was a slender, pretty girl, with a mild black eye, and an agreeable countenance. The females of the village assembled, and practised a good many jokes at the expense of the young couple, and Pierre, as well to get rid of these, as to improve the earliest opportunity for examining into the mineral treasures of the country, endeavored by signs, to invite his partner to a stroll, intimating that he would be infinitely obliged to her, if she would have the politeness to show him a gold-mine or two. The girl signified her acquiescence, and presently stole away through the forest, followed by the enamored hair-dresser. As soon as they were out of sight of the village, Pierre offered her his arm, but the arch girl darted away laughing, and shaking her black tresses which streamed in the air behind her, as she leapt over the logs, and glided through the thickets. Pierre was an active young fellow, and for a while followed the beautiful savage with a creditable degree of speed, but unaccustomed to the obstacles which impeded his way, he soon became fatigued. His companion slackened her pace when she found him lingering behind, and when the thicket was more than usually intricate, kindly guided him through the most practicable places, always, however, keeping out of his reach, and whenever he mended his pace, or showed an inclination to overtake her, she would dart away, looking back over her shoulder, laughing, and coquetting, and inviting him to follow. For a time this was amusing enough, and quite to the taste of the merry barber; but the day was hot, the perspiration flowed copiously, and he began to doubt the expediency of having to catch a wife, or win even a gold-mine, by the sweat of his brow. Adventurers to new lands expect to get things easily; the fruits of labor may be had at home.

On they went, in this manner, until Pierre, wearied out, was about to give up the pursuit of his light-heeled bride, when they reached a spot where the ground gradually ascended, until all at once they stood upon the edge of an elevated and extensive plain. Our traveler had heretofore obtained glimpses of the prairies, but now saw one of these vast plains for the first time in its breadth and grandeur. Its surface was quietly undulating, and as he happened to be placed on one of the highest swells, he looked over a boundless surface, where not a single tree intercepted the prospect or relieved the monotony. He strained his vision forward, but the plain was boundless, making the curved line of its profile on the far distant horizon. The effect was rendered more striking by the appearance of the setting sun, which had sunk to the level of the farthest edge of the prairie, and seemed like a globe of fire resting upon the ground. Pierre looked around him with admiration. The vast expanse destitute of trees, covered with tall grass, now dried by the summer's heat, and extending, as it seemed to him, to the western verge of the continent, excited his special wonder. Little versed in natural philosophy, he persuaded him-

self that he had reached the western boundary of the world, and saw the very spot where the sun passed over the edge of the great terrestrial plane. "Yes," he solemnly exclaimed, "there is the end of the world! how fortunate am I to have approached it in day-light, and with a guide; otherwise I might have stepped over in the dark, and fallen—I know not where!"

The Indian girl had seated herself on the grass, and was composedly waiting his pleasure, when he discovered large masses of smoke rolling upward in the west. He pointed towards this new phenomenon, and endeavored to obtain some explanation of its meaning. The obliging girl rose, and led the way towards it. They walked for more than an hour. The sun had gone down, the breeze had subsided, and the stillness of death was around them. Pierre began to have awful feelings, and would have turned back, but the pride of a French gentleman, and a marquis in anticipation, prevented him. He had taken a step contrary to the advice of his father confessor, and was in open rebellion against the church, and he began to fear that some evil spirit, under the guise of an Indian maid, was seducing him away to destruction. At all events, he determined not to go much further.

The shades of night had begun to close, when they again ascended one of those elevations which swell so gradually that the traveler scarcely remarks them until he reaches the summit, and beholds from a commanding eminence a boundless landscape spread before him. The veil of night, without concealing the scene, rendered it indistinct; the undulations of the surface were no longer perceptible and the prairie seemed a perfect plain, like that of the ocean in a calm. One phenomenon astonished and perplexed him: before him the plain was lighted up with a dim but supernatural brilliance, like that of a distant fire, while behind him was the blackness of darkness. He looked again, and the horizon gleamed brighter and brighter, until a fiery redness arose above its dark outline, while heavy, slow-moving masses of cloud, curled upward above it. It was evidently the intense reflection, and the voluminous smoke, of a vast fire! In another moment the blaze itself appeared, first shooting up at one spot, and then at another, and advancing, until the whole line of horizon was clothed with flames that rolled onward, and curled and dashed upward, like the angry waves of a blazing ocean.

Pierre could gaze no longer. A sudden horror thrilled his soul. His worst fears were realized in the tremendous scene. He saw before him the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels. He thought he could easily distinguish gigantic black forms dancing in the flame, throwing up their long, misshapen arms, and writhing their bodies into fantastic shapes. Uttering a piercing shriek, he turned and fled with the swiftness of an arrow. Fear gave new vigor to the muscles which had before been relaxed with fatigue, and his feet so lately heavy, now touched the ground with the light and springy tread of the antelope. The Indian girl clapped her hands, and laughed loud as she pursued him. That laugh, which in the morning of this eventful day had enlivened his heart by its joyous tones, now filled him with terror. It seemed the yell of a demon—the triumphant scream of hellish pleasure over the downfall of his soul! A supernatural strength and swiftness seemed to give him wings as he bounded away with the speed of the chased ostrich of the desert; but he seemed to himself to crawl heavily, and whenever he cast a glance behind, he saw the dark maid of the prairie was laughing at his heels. He tried to invoke the saints, but alas! in the confusion of his mind he could not recollect the names of more than half a dozen, nor determine which was the most suitable one to be called upon in such an anomalous case. At last he reached the village, staggered into a lodge which happened to be unoccupied, and sunk down insensible.

The sun was just rising above the eastern horizon, when Pierre awoke. The Indian girl bent over him with looks of tender solicitude. She had pillowed his head upon the soft plumage of the swan, and covered him with robes of the finest fur. She had watched his dreamy sleep through the long hours of the night, had bathed his throbbing temples with water from the spring, and passed her slender fingers through his ringlets, with the fondness of a young and glowing affection, until her cares had soothed the unconscious object of her tenderness into a calm repose. No sooner did he open his eyes, than all the dreadful images of the night became again pictured upon his imagination. He rose, and rushed wildly to the shore. The boats were just leaving the bank; his companions had been



grieved at his marriage, and alarmed, when they found he had left the village; but Father Francis, a rigid moralist, and a stern man, determined not to wait for him a moment, and the little barks were already shoved into the stream, when the haggard barber appeared, and plunged in the water. As he climbed the side of the nearest boat, he conjured his comrades in tones of agony, to fly. Imagining that he had discovered some treachery in their new allies, they obeyed; the oars were plied with vigor, and the vessels of the white strangers rapidly disappeared from the eyes of the astonished Illini.

Pierre took to his bed, and remained an invalid during the rest of the voyage. Nor did he set his foot on shore again. They descended the Mississippi to the gulf of Mexico, where, finding a ship destined for France, he took leave of his companions, from whom he had carefully concealed the true cause of his alarm. During the passage across the Atlantic he recovered his health, and, in some measure, his spirits; but he never regained his thirst for adventure, his ambition to be a marquis, or his desire to seek for gold. On all these subjects he remained silent as the grave. A new misfortune awaited him at home, where, to his infinite mortification, he found Annette married to a lank, sniveling pastry-cook, dispensing smiles, and pies, and sugar-plums, from behind a counter, and enjoying as much happiness as she could have tasted in the rank to which he had once destined her. Pierre shrugged his shoulders, snapped his fingers, and resumed his humble occupation. He lived a barber and died a bachelor. When the bloom of youth began to fade from his cheek, and the acuteness of his sensibilities became a little blunted,—when he saw his rival, the confectioner, prospering and growing fat, and the prospect of Annette's becoming a widow more and more remote, his reserve wore away, and he began to relate his adventures to his customers. He became quite celebrated; many flocked to his shop to hear his interesting recital, and the burning lake was added, by common fame, to the other wonders of the new world.

The Indian maid followed the white stranger to the shore, and saw him depart with grief. She gazed at the receding boats, until they reached an angle of the river, where they vanished forever from her view; and then she sat down and buried her face in her hands. Her companions, in sympathy for her feelings, left her alone, and when all eyes were withdrawn, she gave vent to her feelings, and wept bitterly over her shame. She had been betrothed in the face of the whole tribe, and had been publicly deserted by her lover. He had fled from her with every appearance of terror and loathing. She was repudiated under circumstances of notoriety, which deeply wounded her pride; while a tenderness newly awakened, and evinced to the full extent that maiden delicacy permitted, was cruelly repaid by insult. Nor was the acuteness of these feelings at all blunted by the suspicion that she had been herself an accessory in producing the melancholy result. Pierre had followed her to the prairie with all the joyous hilarity of an ardent lover—he had fled from her in fear, and although the cause of his terror was unknown, she imputed it to something in her own deportment or person. There is no anguish which a woman feels so keenly as the pang of mortified affection—the conviction that her offered love is spurned—the virgin shame of having betrayed a preference for one who does not requite it—the mortification of attempting and failing to kindle the flame of love. Woman can bear, and thousands have borne, the pain of loving without being beloved, when the secret remains hidden in their bosoms; but when the husband or the accepted love, repels or coldly estimates, the warm and frank avowal of a virtuous passion, he inflicts a wound which no surgery can heal, he touches one of the master springs of the heart with a rudeness that reaches its vitality, and withers it forever. Woman can bear pain or misfortune, with a fortitude that man may emulate in vain; but she has a heart whose sensibilities require a delicate observance—she submits to power with humility, to oppression with patience, to the ordinary calamities of human nature with resignation—nothing breaks her heart, but slighted love.

For whole days did the Indian maid wander through the solitary forest, ashamed to return to the encampment of her tribe. When led back to her father's lodge, she avoided the society of the maiden throng, and fled from the young warriors who would have courted her smiles. She ceased to be numbered among the dark eyed beauties of her tribe; and but a few moons had passed away since the visit of the white

strangers from the land of the rising sun, when a little hillock on the summit of a lonely mound in the prairie, covered the remains of the beautiful and love-stricken MAID OF ILLINOIS.—*Knickerbocker.*

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, relates the following anecdote of the plague:—"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiar malignant nature, one after another, first the old and then the young, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty subsistence for this interesting family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the eldest, hearing the door shut went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "good by, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good by, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length, the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and her children to them, and in two days she was no more."

#### SELECTED ESSAYS.

##### MODESTY AND BASHFULNESS.

Modesty and bashfulness are sometimes used as synonymous terms, but are, in fact, widely different from each other. The one is a graceful virtue; the other an unfortunate defect. The one is dignified and becoming; the other disagreeable and embarrassing. The one gives a charm to the most ordinary attainments, while the other obscures the noblest accomplishments.

Modesty is a principle of the mind; bashfulness is a state of feeling. A person may be intelligent, accomplished, highly refined, perfectly easy, and self-possessed in company, and yet be modest; a bashful man may possess genius and elegant attainments, but is never polished or easy in his manners. The bashful never shines in conversation; the modest are usually more instructive and fascinating in their discourse than those who are deficient in this virtue.

Modesty, in Latin *modestus*, is derived from *modus*, a measure, and signifies setting a measure to our estimate of ourselves. The man who is destitute of modesty, sets no bounds to his admiration of himself; the modest man values himself by some reasonable standard of comparison; the latter is willing to pass for what he is worth, while the former would force himself upon the world at what he thinks himself worth; the one fixes his own value, the other submits to the estimate placed upon him by society.

Bashful, easily *abashed*, comes from the verb *to abase*. Abash is an intensive of abase, and signifies a thorough self-abasement. Abase, from the French *abaisser*, to bring down or make low, expresses the strongest degree of self-humiliation. This is derived again from the Latin *basis*, the base, which is the lowest part of a column.

Modesty, then, is a rational estimate of one's self, while bashfulness is an irrational self-degradation.

Modesty is an estimable virtue. Where it is natural, it should be cherished with sedulous care; where it is not strongly developed in the young mind, it should be implanted early, and cultivated with attention. It is usually the attendant of genius, and always the companion of wisdom. Men of the greatest common sense are the most modest, because the highest degree of

wisdom is to know one's self. A man who is deficient in modesty, is almost always defective in intellect. The young orator who makes a brilliant maiden speech, seldom ever makes a better one afterwards; and the students who carry off college honors, do not always make sound men. In both these cases, there is probably a want of modesty. An inordinate desire of admiration, which is in itself immodest, enables the young mind, under a powerful excitement, to make a successful effort; but the flight is too high to be long sustained, and the mind which forms so erroneous an estimate of itself as to attempt things above its power, is probably deficient in solidity or industry to sustain the endeavor. If the musician pitches his voice too high at the commencement, he must inevitably fail, because he soon arrives at a point beyond which he can not rise. The modest man, the man of common sense, commences all his undertakings upon a modest key, leaving himself room to rise; and he goes on rising, from strength to strength, until all his powers are brought into full and harmonious action.

The modest man is apt to be charitable. By placing an accurate value upon himself, he acquires a habit which induces him to be just to others. He is willing to accept his own share of what is good, and to bear his part of the burthen of evil. The man who values himself too highly, always expects more of the things which are esteemed, than the world is willing to concede to him, and will not condescend to the duties and observances which they claim at his hands.

Bashfulness is a disease. With many it is natural, with some acquired. It is often worn off by commerce with the world, and sometimes by reflection, but it is frequently incurable. It is a most obstinate and dreadful malady, a living and lasting source of torture to the afflicted person, and of inquietude to his friends. The man who is continually acting under the feeling of self-abasement, never makes the exertions of which he is capable, because the fear of failure is, in his mind, greater than the hope of success.

Bashfulness is often the result of pride. This may seem inconsistent, for pride and self-abasement are rather singular companions. Yet it is so. A proud man considers himself entitled to a certain degree of consideration; he fears that society will not coincide in the opinion which he has formed of himself, or he doubts his own capacity to make good his claims, and rather than accept a lower place, he stands aloof and does nothing. It is pride alone that whispers to the aspiring heart not to make an attempt in which there is a possibility of failure; yet there is a degree of self-abasement in the morbid sensitiveness which admits this possibility, in almost every supposed case. The fear of violating the minutiae of etiquette, of incurring ridicule, of betraying ignorance, or of not shining in conversation, which embarrasses a bashful man, and keeps him silent in company, most generally has its origin in pride. Intimately connected with that pride, is a timid sensitiveness, which renders the bashful man afraid of his species, makes him keenly vigilant of his dignity, and keeps him painfully jealous of offence. He is afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, and fancies that he compromises his character, whenever he opens his mouth.

The modest man deserves admiration; the impudent, contempt; the bashful, sympathy; for bashfulness is a misfortune, impudence a vice, and modesty a virtue.

Women are more apt to be modest than men, for it is the peculiar virtue of their sex; but men are most apt to be bashful, for they are prouder and more selfish than females. Yet a bashful man acts like a woman, because he shows himself deficient in the courage which is the attribute of his sex. Bashfulness, therefore, though most frequently seen among men, is an unmanly feeling.

There is no grace or accomplishment which is so much admired in woman, as modesty. Goldsmith says, that "when a female loses the power of blushing, she is bereft of her greatest charm." The only wonder is, how an old bachelor like Goldsmith, stumbled upon a remark that shows so much taste and truth.

Lady Wortley Montague remarks in one of her letters, "I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender, has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them." Modesty was not among the attractions of this celebrated lady, and in no instance was her imperfect perception of that virtue more conspicuous, than in this brazen-faced condemnation of the gentle qualities of her sex.—*Western Monthly Magazine.*



## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

**THE UTILITY OF MONUMENTAL STRUCTURES.**—The following eloquent thoughts are part of an address by Mr. Everett, at a meeting held in Fannuel Hall, to devise measures for completing the Bunker Hill Monument. The false notion that nothing is primarily useful to the community, or entitled to rank as an important object of human pursuit, that does not add to our miserly heaps or pamper our sensual animal appetites, is seriously and very successfully exposed and ridiculed. By the way, our yankee brethren seem to have been less persevering and energetic in relation to this monument of the deeds and sufferings of their heroic fathers, than would have comforted with their general character. We are not in favor of multiplying public monuments, or national festivals. A few of each are important, beneficial—multiplied, they become common and lose the energy of their moral power by division. But when once commenced, under the influence of a salutary patriotic impulse, such as gave origin to the Bunker Hill Monument, they should be completed. But to the extract:

"But I am met with the great objection, *What good will a monument do?* I beg leave, sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question, by asking two or three more, to which I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, *What good will the monument do?* And I ask, *What good does any thing do? What is good? Does anything do any good?* The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think that there are some projects and undertakings, that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of good, explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that any thing else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill pond; for that I suppose is one of the good things. Does a rail road or a canal do good? Answer, Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse—opens markets—and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end—gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use,—are these a good? Certainly not.

I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, was neither better nor happier, than a poor one? But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life, feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox, entitled to be called good? Certainly not. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

There is then no good in the mere animal life, except as it is the basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions, (and the more disinterested, the better entitled to be called good,) which flow from them.

Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments; sentiments, which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam, to the battle field, are good—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to cherish, animate, and strengthen such feelings, does as much right down practical good, as filling up flats and building rail-roads."

**NECESSITY AND INVENTION.**—A curious catalogue might be made of the shifts to which ingenious students in different departments of art have resorted, when, like Davy, they have wanted the proper instruments for carrying on their inquiries or experiments. His is not the first case in which the stores of an apothecary's shop are recorded to have fed the enthusiasm, and materially assisted the labors, of the young cultivator of natural science. The German chemist, Scheele, whose name ranks in his own department with the greatest of his time, was, as well as Davy, apprenticed in early life to an apothecary. While living in his master's house he used secretly to prosecute the study of his favorite science, by employing often half the night in reading the works that treated of it, or making experiments with instruments fabricated, as Davy's were, by himself, and out of equally simple materials. Like the young British philosopher, too, Scheele is recorded to have sometimes alarmed the whole household by his detonations—an incident which always brought down upon him the severe anger of his master, and heavy menaces, intended to deter him from ever again applying himself to such dangerous studies, which, however, he did not long regard. It was at an apothecary's

house, that Boyle and his Oxford friends first held their scientific meetings, induced, as we are expressly told, by the opportunity they would thus have of obtaining drugs wherewith to make their experiments. Newton lodged with an apothecary, while at school, in the town of Grantham; and as, even at that early age, he is known to have been ardently devoted to scientific contrivances and experiments, and to have been in the habit of converting all sorts of articles into auxiliaries in his favorite pursuits, it is not probable that the various strange preparations which filled the shelves and boxes of his landlord's shop would escape his curious examination. Although Newton's glory chiefly depends upon his discoveries in abstract and mechanical science, some of his speculations, and especially some of his writings on the subjects of light and color, show that the internal constitution of matter, and its chemical properties, had also much occupied his thoughts. Thus, too, in other departments, genius has found sufficient materials and instruments in the humblest and most common articles, and the simplest contrivances. Fergusson observed the places of the stars by means of a thread with a few beads strung on it, and Tycho Brahe did the same thing with a pair of compasses. The self-taught American philosopher, Rittenhouse, being, when a young man, employed as an agricultural laborer, used to draw geometrical diagrams on his plough, and study them as he turned up the furrow. Pascal, when a mere boy, made himself master of many of the elementary propositions of geometry, without the assistance of any master, by tracing the figures on the floor of his room with a bit of coal. This, or a stick burned at the end, has often been the young painter's first pencil, while the smoothest and whitest wall he could find supplied the place of a canvass. Such, for example, were the commencing essays of the early Tuscan artist, Andrea del Castagno, who employed his leisure in this manner when he was a little boy tending cattle, till his performances at last attracted the notice of one of the Medici family, who placed him under a proper master. The famous Salvator Rosa first displayed his genius for design in the same manner. To these instances may be added that of the late English musical composer, Mr. John Davy, who is said, when only six years old, to have begun the study and practice of his art by imitating the chimes of a neighboring church with eight horse-shoes, which he suspended by strings from the ceiling of a room in such a manner as to form an octave.

**THE ORATOR.**—The labors requisite to form the public speaker, are by no means duly appreciated. An absurd idea prevails among our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind, are the fruits of hasty impulse—the unfoldings of a sudden thought—the brief visitations of a fortunate hour or evening—the flashings of intuition, or the gleamings of fancy! Genius is often compared to lightning from the cloud, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain; and eloquence is regarded as if it were a kind of inspiration. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition to have it thought that it cost him nothing. He will say, perhaps, that it was the labor of three hours. Now it is not enough to maintain that nothing could be more injurious to our youth than this way of thinking; for the truth is, nothing can be more false. The mistake lies in confounding with the mere arrangement of thoughts, or the manual labor of putting them on paper—the long previous preparation of mind, the settled habits of thought. It has taken, perhaps, but three hours to compose an admirable piece of poetry or a fine speech, but the reflections of three years, or of thirty, may have been tending to that result. It is a good rule, we have no doubt, "to write with fury, and correct with phlegm;" but a man can not write with "fury," and write with sense, too, without much previous thought. He may write with folly, and that is often done. He may imagine that he is writing finely, because he is writing fast, and that his bounding pen flies over an inspired page; and that is likely to result from the absurd application of the maxim, that "happy efforts are hasty ones." Genius is thought—is study—is application. The two simple, but magic words which contain the secret of Newton's greatness, according to his own explanation, are "patient thought." There is not a more indispensable characteristic of genius, than good sense. It is this that has given to the true works of genius universal reception and immortal fame. And here too, is indicated "the rock on which thousands split." Many men have a powerful imagination, but have not the "patient thought"—the good sense requisite to control it. They

have not learnt, in "the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, to acquire and beget the temperance that may give it smoothness." We should like to see an analysis of genius on these principles—that we could see unfolded all the previous study, the "patient thought," the thorough reflection, the fine discrimination, that are necessary to produce even a page of really fine writing. It would teach our aspiring youth, that they never can succeed without labor; that it will never do to trust to irregular, hasty efforts; that they might as well expect literally to command the lightnings of the tempest without philosophy, as without philosophy to wield the lightning of eloquence.

**SARDIS.**—"The ensuing morning we crossed the range of hills known by the name of Mount Tmolus, which is from three to four thousand feet in height, and is crowned at the summit with some of the most magnificent oaks, beeches, and plane-trees, I have ever seen. Even those in our English parks cannot compete with them for size or beauty. We pursued a northerly direction towards Sardis, and after about six hours' riding began to descend a wooded glen, surrounded on every side by vast hills of sand, which are fast crumbling away. On the loftiest of these was situated the capital of Cræsus, of which the foundations and part of the walls still remain. The small stream of the Pactolus, anciently so celebrated for its golden sands, flowed beside our path, sometimes stealing with a scarcely perceptible motion,—at others, leaping from rock to rock with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. When the descent was finished, we turned eastward, and came suddenly upon the splendid Ionic temple of Cybele, once the chief ornament of the Lydian capital. It is scarcely possible to conceive a situation of more utter loneliness. The valley was still narrow,—the sandhills raised their abrupt and fantastic forms on each side of it,—and the Pactolus murmured along almost at the foot of the prostrate columns. A few yards further you can see the point at which the valley opens into the vast plain of Sardis, dignified by the classical remembrances connected with the tomb of Alyattes, and the Lake of Gyges; and enlivened by the black tents of the wandering Turcomans, and the numbers of camels, sheep, and goats, which were feeding around them. It was a soft summer's afternoon, and the air had been freshened by the morning's rain. The place was as silent as nature may be. No sound reached us but the murmuring of the brook below,—the faint sighing of the evening breeze amid the tall poplars which grew along its banks,—and the occasional bleating of some young goat which had missed its mother, and fancied itself an orphan. The columns, and capitals, and cornices of this glorious temple were lying around, unbroken though fallen, and still as beautiful and perfect as on the day they were first fashioned from the shapeless marble, and received their homage of admiration from the multitude assembled to witness their erection. It seems as though the works of man have more of the impress of eternity upon them in these mild climates than European art may aspire to. There is no gradual corrosion to wear away their fair proportions; century rolls on after century, and leaves them as it found them, still beautiful, still young;—if armies and earthquakes have forborne to injure, time is equally magnanimous; and the architect, as he looked with the exultation of successful genius on the splendid edifices he had created, might say without bombast or hyperbole, 'I have labored for eternity!'

"In the middle of the last century, when this place was visited by Dr. Chandler, five columns were erect. These are now reduced to two. The other three appear to have been dislodged by an earthquake; but as they have not been broken by their fall, they might easily be re-placed in their former situation. The temple is Ionic, and is almost the only, and by far the most perfect specimen of the order extant. The capitals are beautifully carved, and the ornaments vary in each.

"The site of the ancient Sardis is now quite desolate. Only two families of shepherds reside there, and their wretched hovels are lost in the surrounding ruins. Of the ancient city of Cræsus there is now no vestige; but the remains of the Roman town which succeeded it, are still numerous and interesting. The description of them is beyond the humble pretensions of this little work; and, indeed, it would be difficult to add any thing to the careful and elaborate details given by Colonel Leake. I examined them, however, with interest and attention, and then returned with my companions to the neighborhood of the temple, where we pitched our tent, probably, as we would fain flatter ourselves, at no great distance from the spot where Solon and Cræsus held their famous colloquy."—*Sketches in Greece and Turkey.*

**THE RIGHTS OF MEN REQUIRE TO BE UNDERSTOOD.**—Wisdom and courage may extend the date of freedom, as much as ignorance and pusillanimity may abridge it. But in order to defend our rights, it is necessary that we should understand their origin and comprehend their extent. The first honors belong indeed to the citizen, whose successful valor opposes oppression in the field and represses its encroachments; but neither is his merit small who awakens his countrymen to the consideration of the most important questions, and defends from fraud and undermining the sacred fabric of human rights and public liberty.



## HISTORY.

## HISTORY OF OHIO.—CHAPTER III.

The early part of the year 1782 was marked by an event which, to the disgrace of the American name, has scarcely ever been paralleled in treachery and barbarity—the massacre of the Moravian Indians at the missionary settlements on the Muskingum. These Indians consisted partly of the Mohican tribe of Connecticut and New York, and partly of the Delawares of Pennsylvania. They had been partially civilized and converted to Christianity by the missionaries of the German United Brethren, or Moravians, who had commenced their labors among them about the year 1740. From the time of their adoption of the Christian faith, they had been subjected to a double persecution—on the one hand, from the Indians, because they had abandoned their customs, and on the other, from the white people, because they were Indians. They were very frequently forced to abandon their settlements, which were generally near the frontiers, and after various removals, a part of them had obtained permission from the Delawares on the Muskingum to settle among them, and had removed there in 1772.

They built three towns, which they called Schonbrunn, Gnadenhutzen, and Salem, and erected churches, established schools, and surrounded themselves with many other characteristics of civilization; but their prosperity was not of long duration. When the revolutionary war commenced, the tribes around them generally took the side of England against the colonists, and although the Moravians determined to remain strictly neutral, their situation necessarily became one of much embarrassment. Their towns lay exactly in the route generally pursued by the Indians, in going and returning, upon their expeditions against the back settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania; and it was not surprising that the Americans should suspect them of participating in those inroads, when the prisoners and plunder were always carried towards their neighborhood, although they were really innocent, and were in fact objects of suspicion and ill-treatment to the other Indians, because they did not join them in their hostilities.

At length the Indians in league with England resolved, in council, to treat all as enemies who would not take part with them, and sent messages to that effect to the Moravians, who, however, refused to take up arms. Their refusal was attributed to the influence of the missionaries, who consequently became objects of distrust, and it was determined that they should be carried away from the towns, in the hope that if they were removed, their proselytes would join in the war. In 1779, an army of British and Indians came on to the Muskingum, in their neighborhood, and the commander intended to go and take the missionaries away as prisoners; but just at that time, the Indians, having heard of Colonel Bowman's expedition to Chillicothe, forsook him to go to the aid of their friends on the Miamis, and he was compelled to forego his purpose.

At length, in August, 1781, a Huron chief, with three hundred warriors, accompanied by an English officer and a Delaware chief, arrived among them, with a determination to force the whole community to remove. After some days, during which they committed many outrages both upon the missionaries and their followers, they succeeded in their design, and the Moravians acquiesced in their commands to remove, and went with them to the Sandusky river. A great deal of their property was destroyed before their departure; and their provisions, consisting of corn in the stores and in the fields, and vegetables in the ground, were necessarily abandoned. On arriving at Sandusky, they were left by their captors without provisions, and none were to be procured where they were. To supply their wants, one of the missionaries, with several of the Christian Indians, returned to the Muskingum for corn. On arriving there, the missionary and five of his companions were taken prisoners by the Americans and carried to Pittsburg. The others returned to Sandusky, with a considerable supply of provisions. Those who were taken to Pittsburg were soon released by the commandant there; but their dismissal was the cause of much excitement among many of the people on the frontiers, who considered them as connected with the other Indians in their hostilities against themselves. When afterwards it became known that the Moravians were frequently returning to their towns, in considerable numbers, for the purpose of removing their property, a band of men assembled near Wheeling, to the number of about one hundred and sixty, and started to the Muskingum, with a determination to surprise the Indians and cut them off. The victims received warning of their danger, but took no measures to escape, believing they had nothing to fear from the Americans, but supposing the only quarter from which they had grounds for apprehending injury, was from the Indians who were the enemies of the Americans.

The murderers arrived at Gnadenhutzen on the 6th of March, 1782, and found the Indians dispersed among their plantations, gathering the corn that yet remained. They accosted them in a friendly manner, making them believe that they intended them no injury, and told them to go home, which they accordingly did. They then told them that they would not suffer them to return to Sandusky, but were going to take them to Pittsburg, where they should be in no danger either from the English or the savages. The Indians resigned themselves to their will, and at their command gave up their arms of all kinds, even to their hatchets,

on being promised that every thing should be restored to them on their arrival at Pittsburg. The murderers then went to Salem, and persuaded the Indians there to go with them to Gnadenhutzen, the inhabitants of which, in the mean time, had been attacked and driven together and bound without resistance; and when those from Salem were about entering the town, they were likewise deprived of their arms and bound. A council was then held, to determine what should be done with the prisoners, and the majority agreed in resolving to murder the whole of them on the next day. For the honor of humanity, there were many of the party who opposed this barbarous resolution, and called God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of those inoffensive people; yet the majority remained unmoved, and some of them were even in favor of burning them alive; but it was at length decided that they should be scalped in cold blood, and the Indians were told to prepare for their fate; that, as they were Christians, they might die in a Christian manner. After the first burst of horror was over, they patiently suffered themselves to be led into two buildings, in one of which the men, and in the other the women and children were confined, like sheep for the slaughter. They passed the night in praying, exhorting each other to remain faithful, asking pardon from each other for any offences they had committed, and singing hymns of praise to God.

When morning arrived, the murderers selected two houses, which they named slaughter-houses—one for the men, and the other for the women and children. The victims were then bound, two and two together, and led into the slaughter-houses, where they were scalped and murdered. Ninety-six persons were sacrificed in this horrid massacre, thirty-four of whom were children. Of all the prisoners, only two escaped—both of them boys about sixteen years old. One of them escaped through a window, on the night previous to the massacre, and concealed himself in the cellar of the house to which the women and children were brought next day to be murdered, whose blood he saw running in streams through the floor. On the following night he left the cellar, into which, fortunately, no one came, and got into the woods. The other youth received one blow upon the head, and was then scalped and left for dead. When he recovered his consciousness, he observed another person who had, like himself, been only stunned, and was endeavoring to rise; and a short time afterwards a white man came in, and seeing his motions, dispatched him, while the lad remained quiet, and was not suspected to be alive. In the night he crept out and also reached the woods, where he afterwards met the other lad, and the two at length reached Sandusky in safety. The murderers set fire to the slaughter-houses and consumed them, with the bodies in them, and having collected the horses, blankets, and considerable other property belonging to the Indians, returned to their homes. A party of them, however, first went to Schonbrunn, designing to destroy those whom they might find there, but the Indians had learned the fate of their friends at Salem and Gnadenhutzen, in time to escape.

The success of the party in destroying the Moravian towns and cutting off so many of the inhabitants, with so little difficulty and danger, stimulated those who were engaged in the expedition, to undertake one of more consequence and on a larger scale. They knew that the principal part of the Christian Indians, who had been removed from their settlements on the Muskingum, were yet upon the Sandusky, and that there were also some Wyandot villages in the vicinity, the inhabitants of which had been very troublesome to the people on the frontiers; and it was thought that one inroad would suffice for the destruction of the Moravians and the chastisement of the Wyandots. A force was accordingly raised in the western part of Pennsylvania and near Wheeling, that amounted to about four hundred and fifty men, mounted and armed with rifles, who having arrived at the Mingo towns on the Ohio, which had been chosen as a place of rendezvous, elected Col. William Crawford their commander. On the 25th of May the march was commenced, and on the 29th, the party arrived at the destroyed Moravian towns.

On the next day, in the neighborhood of Schonbrunn, two Indians were observed watching the movements of the detachment, and were fired upon, but made their escape unhurt. Knowing that the expedition was now no secret to the enemy, it was concluded that it was the best policy to press forward with as little delay as possible, and accordingly the party struck directly for the place of their destination, where they arrived on the eleventh day of their march. They were greatly disappointed at finding that the Indians had abandoned their town some time before, and removed to another place. Upon this, the men insisted on returning home, their horses being fatigued and their provisions almost exhausted. The officers, however, held a council, at which it was concluded to continue the march for one day longer, and then to return home, if no enemy appeared. Just as the council broke up, a horseman came in from the advance guard at a gallop, announcing that a large body of the enemy were formed in a wood a few miles in front, and were advancing to attack the detachment. The army, on the receipt of this information, immediately formed in order of battle, and pushed forwards to meet them. The country was generally open prairie, with copes or islands of woodland interspersed, without underbrush. The Indians had taken possession of one of these bodies of

woodland before the troops came up, and the colonel, conceiving it to be important that they should be dislodged, directed a part of his men to dismount and tie their horses, and attack them on foot, by which means they were soon compelled to abandon their position. Reinforcements arrived on the part of the Indians, continually increasing their numbers, and a heavy and galling fire was opened upon the whites, who maintained their ground with considerable loss, until the dusk of the evening, when the Indians drew off.

In the morning and at intervals during the day, a few shots were fired without much effect, however, on account of the distance at which the parties kept. It was now manifest that the Indian force was continually increasing, by the arrival of new reinforcements, and that the situation of the army was still becoming more perilous. The officers having held a council, determined to retreat as soon as the day should have closed, and dispositions were accordingly made for that purpose. When night came, the troops were formed and commenced their march in three lines, with the wounded on litters between them. The enemy soon discovered their design and attacked them on all sides, upon which many small, detached parties separated from the main body, thinking to escape more easily while the Indians were occupied with it. The enemy, however, soon left the main body unmolested, to go after the straggling parties, which thus fell an easy prey, and were destroyed in detail, while those who kept together, succeeded in regaining the frontiers with but little further loss. The whole loss of the army was never correctly ascertained; but those who never returned from the expedition were estimated at between ninety and one hundred and twenty, among whom was Colonel Crawford himself.

Colonel Crawford's fate was melancholy and dreadful in the extreme. When the retreat commenced, he proceeded for some time at the head of the main body; but becoming anxious for the safety of a son, son-in-law, and two nephews, who had accompanied the expedition, and of whom he had not heard after the confusion began, which was occasioned by the attack of the enemy on discovering their design to retreat, he stopped and inquired for them of those who passed, until he fell into the rear with three friends, one of whom was doctor Knight, the surgeon of the detachment. When they at length prevailed upon him to proceed, it was thought not advisable to attempt to join the main body, which was at the time, as they judged by the heavy firing, hotly engaged with the enemy, by whom they were surrounded. They therefore struck off in another direction and traveled all night, during which, one of the company got separated from the rest, and probably fell into the hands of the Indians. Early the next day they fell in with two others of the detachment, and some time afterwards the company were forced to stop and encamp, in consequence of a heavy rain, and concluded to remain there all night. In the morning their company was increased to six in number, by the addition of another straggler, and proceeded, two and two together, with some intervals between, colonel Crawford and doctor Knight being in front, and both on foot. In the afternoon several Indians sprung up near them and ordered them to stop. The doctor was disposed to fire upon them, and treed for that purpose, but Crawford told him not to resist, and they gave themselves up. The other four men in company made their escape for the time, but two of them were killed on the following day. On the 10th of June, Crawford and Knight, with nine other prisoners, were taken by a party of seventeen Indians, towards the old Sandusky town, within a few miles of which they encamped for the night. Here Crawford obtained permission to proceed to the town, under the charge of two guards, for the purpose of speaking to Simon Girty, and was brought back in the morning, to be marched in with the other prisoners. He informed Knight that Girty had promised to use his influence for his safety, but had told him that he was fearful it would be without avail, as the Indians were much incensed against the prisoners, and wished to have them all burned. Shortly afterwards, captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, arrived. He had been represented to Crawford as one of those most violently inflamed against the prisoners; but his conduct towards them was rather encouraging, except that he himself painted all of them black, previous to their being marched into the town.

The other prisoners were taken on in advance of Crawford and Knight, who soon saw the bodies of four of them, who had been killed and scalped by the road-side, after being forced to run the gauntlet; and when they overtook the other five, they were surrounded with boys and squaws, abusing and threatening them, and were soon afterwards tomahawked, after which the colonel and the doctor were taken on to the village.

Near the town a large fire was burning, around which about thirty warriors and a great number of boys and squaws were collected, who stripped Crawford and made him sit down on the ground near the fire, and then commenced beating him with their fists and with sticks. After a few minutes, a large stake was planted in the ground, and a number of piles of hickory poles, like small hoop-poles, placed around it. A rope was tied to the bottom of the stake, and the other end fastened to Crawford's wrists, which were tied together behind his back, leaving him room to walk around the stake at a little distance from it. The poles were then set on fire. While the preparations were going on, the colonel asked Girty, who was sitting on



horseback at some little distance, if the Indians were going to burn him; and upon being answered by Girty, very indifferently, that they were, he replied that he would endeavor to bear it with fortitude. When the poles were burnt in two, the chief, captain Pipe, addressed the crowd for a few minutes, with much energy and animation. As soon as he concluded, the whole of them rushed upon the prisoner with a loud yell, and for a few minutes the crowd was so thick around him, that the doctor could not see what they were doing. When they had separated a little, so that he could see Crawford, his ears had been cut off and the blood was flowing down from them. The warriors then began shooting charges of powder into his body, from head to foot, and the boys, taking the burning poles, applied the fire to his flesh. He kept running around the stake, endeavoring to avoid his tormentors as much as possible; but it was only to meet others equally implacable, with the same instruments of torture in their hands, while the squaws took up coals and embers and threw upon him, until he had nothing but fire to tread upon, and his body was blackened and blistered all over. In the intensity of his suffering he called out to Girty, begging him to shoot him through the heart. Girty answered, 'Don't you see I have no gun, colonel,' and then burst into a brutal laugh, and began jesting with the Indians about the prisoner's miserable appearance. This scene of torture lasted two or three hours, and Crawford at length became nearly exhausted, and no longer shrunk from the firebrands that were applied to his flesh; but walked slowly around, speaking in a low tone, earnestly beseeching God to look upon him with compassion and pardon his sins. He at length laid down upon his face, upon which an Indian sprung upon his back and kneeling down upon him, stripped the scalp from his head. A squaw then took some coals upon a board and threw them upon his bare and bleeding skull, the torture from which compelled him to rise and walk around again; but at length nature could bear no more, and death released him from his fiend-like tormentors.

Doctor Knight, after being compelled to witness the tortures of his friend and commander, was put under the charge of a Shawnee Indian to be taken to Chillicothe, where the same fate was to await him. Being a small man, and much exhausted by the hardships he had endured, the Indian entertained no fear of his escape, and did not bind him until they stopped for the night. In the morning he unbound him, that he might assist him in making the fire, which had burnt down. Knight, taking up a stick, apparently to carry a coal to another place, struck the Indian suddenly and knocked him into the fire, and immediately seized his gun. The Indian scrambled out of the fire, and seeing his gun in Knight's hands, run off, howling most ruefully, while Knight presented the gun to shoot him; but in his haste, injured the lock so that it would not go off, and the Indian escaped. It was twenty-one days before Knight reached the post at Fort McIntosh, during which time he lived upon green berries and weeds, which was all the food he could procure, except a terrapin and two unfledged birds devoured raw; having thrown away the Indian's gun, which he was unable to repair.

Early in August following the defeat of Crawford, large detachments from the different tribes of the Shawnee, Tawasa, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, and Cherokees, assembled at Chillicothe, making a force of five or six hundred warriors, who held a grand council, which Simon Girty addressed in a speech. He reminded the Indians of the fertility of Kentucky, and the abundance and excellence of the game that used to herd there; he inflamed them to madness at the thought of the desolation that the white people had caused in their hunting grounds, and excited them to revenge their grievances by exterminating the intruders. The council broke up, and the whole body of warriors took up the line of march for Kentucky, and in the night between the 14th and 15th of August, surrounded Bryant's station, which stood about five miles north-east of Lexington, and was the most exposed post on that frontier. It consisted of about forty cabins, in two rows, forming a parallelogram about two hundred yards long and fifty in width, with block houses at the corners, and the spaces between the houses filled with picketing. The garrison depended for water upon a spring outside of the station. The evening before it was invested, news had been received of the defeat of seventeen men in the vicinity of another station, and the principal part of the garrison had intended to march the next morning to the assistance of their friends; and many of them spent the chief part of the night in making preparations for that purpose.

If the Indians had not shown themselves so early in the morning as they did, the party would have left the fort, and both they and it would have fallen an easy prey. The plan of attack devised by the Indians was, to attract the attention of the garrison to one side of the fort, while the main body, which was concealed upon the opposite side, should rush up to the works, which they supposed would be left undefended, and take them by storm. About 500 of them accordingly concealed themselves near the spring, and early in the morning the others, amounting to about one hundred, showed themselves and fired upon the fort from the opposite side. The garrison immediately suspected the stratagem, and avoided the snare. They commenced

repairing the picketing without returning the enemy's fire, correctly supposing that the concealed body would not show themselves, until they heard the garrison engaged with those who had appeared on the other side. Their chief distress was about water, which would have to be procured from the spring, near which they supposed the enemy were lying in ambush. The women were summoned and all the circumstances stated to them as they were supposed to exist, even with regard to the enemy supposed to be lying concealed near the spring; and it was then proposed to them that they should go together in a body and each bring a bucket of water. They naturally shrunk from the dangerous undertaking; but the necessity of the thing was represented to them, and the probability that they would be allowed to procure the water unmolested, as long as the firing on the opposite side of the fort was not returned, it being their usual duty to bring water; whereas, if the men were to go, the very circumstance would lead the enemy to suppose their stratagem was suspected, and would cause them to abandon their ambush and make an open attack; in which case it would be impossible to procure water at all. The women finally consented to go, and accordingly proceeded together to the spring, from which each returned with a vessel of water, without being molested in the slightest degree. This being done, and the other necessary preparations made, the principal part of the garrison placed themselves upon the side of the fort upon which they expected the concealed party to make their attack, but keeping themselves out of view; and thirteen men were then sent out to attack those who were shewing themselves on the other side.

As soon as they commenced firing, the party in ambush rushed towards the fort, when they were met by a volley of rifle balls that made them turn and fly in every direction and the firing being briskly kept up, at the end of two minutes not an Indian was to be seen. After a short time, they commenced a regular fire upon the fort, keeping a respectful distance however, so that little injury was done or received by either party. When the Indians were first observed in the morning, two of the garrison had been sent off to Lexington, for assistance, and succeeded in reaching the place, where a party was soon raised, amounting to sixteen horsemen and about forty on foot, who marched without delay and arrived at the station about two o'clock. They were ignorant of the force they would have to encounter, in breaking through to the fort. The Indians had expected that the garrison would be reinforced, and had placed themselves on each side of the road along which a reinforcing party would have to pass, in a cornfield on one side and a piece of woods on the other, in readiness to attack them. The party on horseback came along the road, and as soon as they got between the Indian lines, a fire was opened upon them; but at the first shot they put their horses to their speed, and every man arrived safely in the fort; the dust which was raised being in their favor, by partially concealing them from the view of the enemy. The footmen who were approaching the station through the cornfield, would have been equally successful in entering it in safety, but on hearing the firing, they rushed to the assistance of their mounted friends, and soon found themselves cut off from the fort and engaged with the principal portion of the besieging force. A running fight was kept up through the field for about an hour, the thickness of the corn probably preventing the entire destruction of the party, who finally escaped their pursuers and returned to Lexington, with the loss of only two men killed and four wounded.

A little after sunset the fire upon the garrison slackened, and Simon Girty approached near enough to demand a surrender, in which case he promised the people good treatment. He told them that the fort could not possibly hold out, for that, in addition to his large force he was in the hourly expectation of a reinforcement with cannon; and that if the station should be taken by storm, it would be impossible to save the lives of the persons within it. He declared who he was, asking if any of the garrison knew him. The Kentuckians were somewhat dismayed by his threat with regard to his cannon, knowing that Ruddle's and Martin's stations had been captured by that means, two years before; but they were soon restored to their usual courage and spirits, by a young man named Reynolds, distinguished for his sprightliness and gaiety, as well as for his courage. He replied to Girty, and in answer to his question, whether any of the garrison knew him, told him that he was well known; that he himself had a worthless dog which he had named Simon Girty. He told him to bring on his reinforcements; that they expected reinforcements too, and would drive him and his gang of murderers out of the country; that if they remained before the station twenty-four hours longer, their scalps would be found drying upon the roofs of their cabins; that if any of them found their way into the fort, they had switches prepared with which to drive them out, for that they would disdain to use any other weapons. Girty professed to be much offended with the levity with which his demand of a surrender was treated, and to deplore very much the inevitable destruction that awaited the garrison, and withdrew. Before daylight, however, the Indians raised the siege and departed.

On the 18th of August, two days after the siege was raised, colonels Trigg, Boon, and Todd had arrived from

Harrodsburg, Boonsborough, and Lexington, with a considerable number of men, and a consultation was held, in which it was determined that the enemy should be immediately pursued. Colonel Logan was expected to arrive within twenty-four hours, with a strong force; but the pursuit was commenced without waiting for him, although they could only muster about one hundred and seventy men, and they had reason to believe that the enemy amounted to at least three times that number. The Indians had leisurely followed a buffalo trace, without taking any pains to conceal their route, and on the second day of the pursuit, the Kentuckians overtook them near the Lower Blue Licks, only thirty-five miles from Bryant's station. On arriving at the south bank of Licking, a few of the enemy were observed slowly ascending a ridge on the opposite side of the river, with seeming indifference to the presence of their pursuers. A halt was immediately made for the purpose of holding a council, and colonel Boon, being considered as having more experience than any other officer on the ground, was asked for his advice. He recommended that, if the party were not willing to wait for the arrival of Logan's reinforcement, they should divide and cross the river at different places, so as to attack the enemy in front and rear at the same time; but that at any rate, the ground should be particularly reconnoitred, before the main body should cross the river. The consultation was suddenly broken up, however, by major McGary, a headstrong officer, who spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head, gave a loud whoop, and cried out, 'Let all who are not cowards follow me; I will show them where the Indians are.' A tumultuous rush was immediately made; officers and men plunged into the river and crossed it; horsemen and footmen altogether, without regard to any order, pressed forward up the hill and pursued the trace along the ridge, until they were suddenly checked by a fire from the enemy. Those in the rear still pressed onward, and the whole party quickly found themselves surrounded by the Indians in every direction except the rear, where the enemy were closing around them to cut off their retreat, and a scene of slaughter ensued, in which colonels Trigg and Todd and several other officers were killed, and it soon became evident that nothing but an immediate retreat could save any of the party. This was commenced, but was executed with the same disorder that attended the advance; and the Indians soon mingled with those in the rear with the tomahawks, and continued the slaughter from the battle ground to the river, where the carnage was dreadful among the fugitives, crowded together and struggling with the current, until it was somewhat checked by a party who halted, after reaching the opposite bank, and poured in a well directed fire upon the pursuers, that caused them to fall back and gave time for the footmen to cross. The enemy, however, soon crossed the river also, and continued the pursuit for nearly twenty miles further, but did very little execution, and the principal part of the survivors reached Bryant's station in the evening. The loss of the Kentuckians was sixty-one killed and eight taken prisoners. Colonel Logan had arrived at Bryant's station before the defeated party returned, and after they had collected, and the loss was ascertained, he marched to the field of battle, where he arrived on the second day after the defeat, and buried the dead.

When the intelligence of the disastrous battle at the Lower Blue Licks reached general Clark, at Louisville, he immediately concerted and carried into effect arrangements for another expedition into the Indian country. The volunteers from the interior assembled at Bryant's station, and those of the lower part of Kentucky joined the regular troops at Louisville, and about the last of September, the two bodies, making a force of about a thousand men, united at the mouth of Licking, and proceeded on their march against the towns of the enemy. Their approach was not discovered until they arrived within about a mile of Chillicothe, when they were seen by a straggling Indian, who ran to the town and gave the alarm; upon which it was hastily abandoned by all its inhabitants, leaving their victuals cooking over the fire; so that when the army entered the place, not an enemy was to be seen. After refreshing themselves with the provisions which they found at a time when they were very acceptable, the secrecy with which the expedition was conducted not having allowed them to procure game in their advance, the army entirely destroyed the dwellings and crops; after which they proceeded to Pickaway and several other villages, all of which they found deserted, where they destroyed the cabins and corn as they did at Chillicothe. During the whole expedition they were never able to fall in with any of the enemy, except some single individuals or small straggling parties, who generally eluded them. In a small skirmish, they killed five Indians and took seven prisoners, and one of their own party was wounded. On their return, they arrived where Cincinnati now stands, on the 4th of Nov. where the wounded man died and was interred. It was on that occasion that the agreement was made, which was lately the subject of so much interest in this section of the country—that those who should survive fifty years from that time, should assemble upon the same spot and give each other their last greetings. When the time arrived, a large city was standing upon the place, but the pestilence, which was raging there, prevented the meeting.

From that time, no events of much interest occurred,

which can be considered as belonging to the history of Ohio, until the settlement was commenced at Marietta, on the 7th of April, 1788, which was the germ of this now populous state. Although the settlers in the western country still continued to suffer much annoyance from the Indians, in the incursions which were kept up by small parties, by whom families and individuals were frequently massacred, yet the enemy never afterwards attempted an invasion with a combined force.—*Western Monthly Magazine*.

**THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY.**—Key and Biddle, No. 23 Minor street, Philadelphia, publish a semi-monthly Periodical under the above title. The first number was issued on the first day of May. The design of the work is to publish, 1. The most valuable Religious and Literary works which appear from the English press. In selecting from the former class, sectarianism will be studiously avoided; from the latter, such only will be chosen as Christians may with propriety circulate. 2. Translations of valuable works from the Continental press; and occasionally original productions of American writers. 3. Standard works which may be out of print; and selections from such as are accessible to but few. 4. Brief reviews of such books as do not fall within the plan of this work; so that the reader may be enabled to become speedily acquainted with most of the publications of the day, and to form, in some measure, an estimate of their value.

The editors are pledged to favor no religious, much less any political party; but to act on those great principles in which all Evangelical Christians agree. The degree of confidence which may be reposed in their ability will be learned from the attestations of a number of the most distinguished individuals in the United States.

The *Christian Library* will be published semi-monthly, each number to contain forty-eight pages, extra imperial or double medium octavo, in double column, on a fine paper and good legible type. It will be folded and stitched with a neat cover on each number; securely mailed, so as to go safely to the most remote post office. The work will form two volumes yearly, of 576 pages each, and can be bound to match the late editions of Scott's and Henry's Commentaries. The price will be five dollars per annum, payable in advance; six dollars if paid at the end of the year. Any individual procuring five subscribers and forwarding the money, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Key and Biddle will publish the *London Christian Observer*, as an Appendix to the *Christian Library*, in the same form, for one dollar and twenty-five cents a year, payable in advance, or one dollar and fifty cents at the close of the year. The present cost of this work is six dollars per annum.

[The postage on each number of the *Christian Library* for any distance under 100 miles will be 1-2 cents per sheet; for any distance over 100 miles 2-1-2 cents. To subscribers in all our principal cities, the numbers will be delivered by agents without expense of postage.]

Orders with a remittance of five dollars, postage paid, will meet with prompt attention.

**PROSPECTUS OF PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.**—The design of the publishers, in this Magazine, is to offer to the public an entertaining work for children and youth; one that may become with them a favorite; one that will please and instruct them; one that they will regard not as a thing which they must read as a task, but which they will love to consult as a companion and friend; one, in short, the reading of which may be permitted to good children as a reward, but the denial of which may be felt as a punishment by those who are bad. It will consist chiefly of matters of fact, and the editors will endeavor to present truth and knowledge in a guise, as attractive to the youthful mind, as that in which fiction has generally been arrayed.

The title of the work is chosen, as an indication of what it is intended shall be its character. The style which the author of Peter Parley's Tales has chosen as a vehicle of instruction for youth, will be adopted in its pages, and Peter Parley, in his proper character of story teller and traveler, will often appear as a contributor. The work will comprise pieces adapted to all stages of the youthful faculties from childhood upwards. It may thus pass from hand to hand in the family circle, and the parents will not disdain to find amusement in what they are called upon to explain to their children; while the elder branches will be induced to try to lead on, by easy steps, their still younger companions to that enjoyment which they have already experienced themselves.

The Contents of the Work will be too various to be enumerated in this place; but in order to convey some idea of the intentions of the conductors, the following may be mentioned as forming a portion of the more prominent subjects:

1. Geographical Descriptions, of manners, customs, and countries. 2. Travels, Voyages, and Adventures, in various parts of the world. 3. Interesting Historical Notices and Anecdotes of each State, and of the United States, as well as of foreign countries. 4. Biography, particularly of young persons. 5. Natural History, as birds, beasts, fishes, &c.; as well as plants, trees, flowers, &c. 6. A familiar description of the Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c. 7. Original Tales, con-

sisting of Home Scenes, Stories of Adventure, &c., calculated to stimulate the curiosity, exercise the affections, and improve the judgment. 8. An Account of various trades and pursuits, and some branches of commerce. 9. Cheerful and pleasing Rhymes, adapted to the feelings and comprehension of youth.

The Publishers have made arrangements to have the work abundantly illustrated with spirited engravings, and every effort will be made to render it a useful auxiliary to the cause of education.

The work will be issued every other Saturday, and 26 numbers will constitute the yearly volume. The price will be One Dollar a year, payable in advance.

To all who take six or more copies, a reasonable discount will be made.

Boston, 1833.

LILLY, WAIT & CO.

## LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1833.

**FOURTH OF JULY.**—This great national anniversary was observed in Buffalo with the usual ceremonies. An eloquent oration, which was evidently the result of deep and extensive research, profound and accurate views, enlarged Christian charity and patriotic sentiments, was pronounced in the Presbyterian church, by the Hon. JAMES STRYKER; and, at a later hour, another Address, also distinguished for eloquence and patriotism, was delivered in the Universalist church, by SETH C. HAWLEY, Esq. to a numerous assembly of the military and other citizens. The large gallery of the former house was completely filled with Sabbath School children, whose presence added greatly to the interest of the scene, and to whom, in the course of his excellent oration, Judge STRYKER made very appropriate allusion and addressed a few suitable remarks.

**THUNDER STORM.**—On Saturday night last, a violent thunder-storm passed over this city, accompanied by a heavy fall of rain and large hail-stones. The lightning was exceedingly vivid and flashed incessantly, and some of the peals of thunder were remarkably loud and fearful. Considerable injury has been sustained by many of the houses which were exposed to the fury of the storm, than which few persons remember witnessing a severer or more awful one for many years.

**HON. ELISHA WILLIAMS.**—The following are the proceedings of a meeting held at the Eagle Tavern last week, to express the respect and admiration felt by the members of the bar for this eminent lawyer, who died recently in the city of New-York.

A meeting of the members of the Bar of the county of Erie, was held at the Eagle Tavern in Buffalo, on the 11th of July, 1833, to join in rendering a proper tribute of respect to the memory of the late Elisha Williams—Gen. H. B. Potter was called to the chair, and Sheldon Smith appointed secretary.

W. B. Rochester, Sheldon Smith, D. W. Lewis, James Stryker, and D. Tillinghast, were appointed a committee to report resolutions; and thereupon reported the following, which were unanimously adopted.

**Resolved,** That in common with our professional brethren of this state, we unfeignedly respond to the manifestations of grief and sorrow for the recent death of the late Elisha Williams, whose high standing as a jurist, and exalted worth as a citizen, justly rendered him an ornament of our profession and the pride of our state.

**Resolved,** That we deeply sympathize with the family and connections of the late Mr. Williams, in their affliction and irreparable bereavement.

**Resolved,** That Albert H. Tracy, Philander Bennett, and Horatio Shumway, be a committee to communicate to the committee recently appointed at Utica, on behalf of the members of the Erie county Bar, their disposition to unite in any testimonial of respect which may be deemed due to the memory of our deceased brother.

**Resolved,** That these proceedings be signed by the chairman and secretary, and published, and a copy thereof transmitted to the family of the late Mr. Williams.

S. SMITH, Sec'y.

H. B. POTTER, Ch'n.

**THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.**—After visiting Hartford, Middletown, Stonington, Newport, Bristol, Providence, Roxbury, Pawtucket, Boston, Salem, Lowell, Concord, and other places of less note, in all of which the reception corresponded more or less with those referred to in our last number, the President was compelled by the state of his health to forego the rest of his contemplated excursion, and return to Washington, where he arrived on Thursday, July 4th, at ten o'clock in the morning.

**PREMIUMS.**—This morning, just as our paper was going to press, we received the subsequent report from the gentlemen whom we requested to form the Committee to award premiums. We are compelled to defer until next number any additional remarks, having only space to desire the successful competitors, to each of whom we send a copy of this paper, to advise us in what way to transmit to them the premiums, and also whether they prefer the medals or their respective value in cash.

### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Inquirer*.

Sir,—The undersigned have performed the duty assigned them, under your notice of 12th February last, offering premiums for tales, poems, sketches, and essays.

Three tales were submitted to the Committee; neither of which was considered as "illustrative of any fact connected with American History." One of them, "The Cemetery," possesses considerable merit; but not coming within the scope of the offer, the Committee did not think themselves authorized to award a premium.

The "gold medal, or fifteen dollars, to the writer of the best poem on any interesting historical subject," has been awarded to R. JOHN EVERETT, Esq. of Chittenango, Madison county, the author of "The Landing of Columbus."

The "silver medal, or ten dollars, to the writer of the best biographical sketch of some eminent literary character," has been awarded to MORTIMER M. SOUTHWORTH, of Lockport, Niagara county, the author of a "Biographical Sketch of James Montgomery."

The "silver medal, or five dollars, to the writer of the best essay on some subject connected with literature or science," has been awarded to GAVIN D. A. PARKS, of Lockport, Niagara county, the author of an "Essay on Education."

It is with regret that the Committee are compelled to say, that the productions, as a whole, do not possess that degree of merit which they could wish.

It is presumed that the poem and biographical sketch will be published. They will, therefore, speak for themselves. The essay will probably be too long to publish entire. It is the production of a lad of sixteen, and shows considerable thought and reading upon the subject. The premium was awarded, because it was considered the best, and no discretion was given upon the question, whether a premium should or should not be awarded.

We are, Sir, with esteem,

Your obedient Servants,

T. BURWELL,  
D. TILLINGHAST,  
O. FOLLETT,  
M. FILLMORE,  
J. STRYKER,  
B. BURWELL,  
G. W. JOHNSON.

Buffalo, July 15, 1833.

The second volume of the *Amaranth: a Repository of Poetic Literature*, has been just commenced. The first and second numbers are nearly filled with interesting original articles. It is published every other Saturday, in East Bridgewater, (Mass.) at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, or One Dollar and a Half at the expiration of a year. The *Amaranth* is a neatly executed sheet.

A new daily paper, edited by a lady, and entitled the *Ladies' Gazette*, has been commenced at Boston.

The third volume of the *Boquet*, an interesting literary journal, published semi-monthly at Hartford, Conn., and devoted to original and selected tales, legends, essays, American biography, general miscellany, and poetry, was commenced on Saturday week. Mr. Joseph Piddington is the agent for Buffalo.

At the late anniversary meeting of the American Lyceum, held in New-York, a premium of \$300 was offered for the best treatise on philology, for teachers. The works are to be presented at the next annual meeting of the Lyceum, when the premium will be awarded by a committee appointed for that purpose.



## POETRY.

## ON THE MOON.—BY J. ALRETEN, ESQ.

*From unpublished Verses on "Midnight."*

But when the Empress of the hour of love  
Rises with silvery cecus, on her throne,  
Back from her court she draws, with swift remove,  
Those silken curtains of the spangled zone  
Ashore the welkin negligently thrown:—  
Mant! to thy view what hallowed sights are given  
When from the sky those meteor mists have flown!  
That sapphire ground—the vestibule of heaven,  
Which mortals sigh to tread, yet linger unforgiven!

What art thou, Moon, with thy alluring eyes?  
The Cytheria of unclouded spheres!  
Thou callest the sea—the azure waves arise,  
And on the beach their scattered spray appears!  
Thou lookest on the land;—all nature wears  
A fair aspect,—golden harvests bend  
Beneath the breeze, and men forget their fears!  
Thou bidd'st the winds that toss the deep, attend—  
They know thy comings forth, and their hoarse murmurs end.

There's nothing here, that half can equal thee;  
Earth has no beauty may compare with thine;  
I saw thee once above the saffron sea  
Skyward uprising, in full glory shine—  
Oh, heaven! as yet I feel the spell divine  
That then entranced me, and my heart high swells  
With feelings—feelings, such as to define,  
Language were weak: for language faintly tells  
How vast the sum of thought in the deep soul that dwells!

Sultana of the skies! if, by thy shores,  
No barks like ours through glossy billows glide;  
If, in thy fields, no manlike form adores  
The power that poised thee in thy nameless pride;  
If, in thy caves, no rapturous lovers hide,  
With bosoms pure as thy unclouded clime;  
What? shall weak man, to earth and worms allied,  
Therefore arraign the wisdom that, with Time,  
Bade thee coeval spring, resplendent as sublime?

If but for man created, are there not  
Ends worthy of Divinity, observed?  
Is it for nothing that thy forms allot  
Periods to time, from which no time hath swerved?  
Is it but little that, by thee preserved,  
The swelling seas appointed changes keep;  
Nor mar the uses they have long subserved,  
Rise, in huge Cordilleras from their deep  
Profounds, and in th' abyss affrighted empires sweep?

Is it for nothing, too, o'er fainting lands,  
Parched by the sun-blaze, that thy softer light,  
Flung like a silvery garment from thy hands,  
Spreads with its dews, exhilarating night?  
Is it for nothing, that, when tempests fight  
Around the sea-tossed mariner, thy beams  
Burst through the meteor chaos on his sight?  
Like, or more dear, than youth's elysian dreams  
When first love fires the breast, and warm hope lights her gleams?

From infancy I loved thee, and will love,  
While life itself endures; by thy light  
How often have I stolen forth to rove,  
And mark thy golden crescent, till my sight  
Dimmed, as I watched it with the warm delight  
Of young expanding bosoms; on the wave  
How brightly imaged! like some Nereid sprite  
With smiles emerging from her coral cave,  
To peep to earth awhile—man's pleasure-course, and grave!

Then wouldst thou sail, to infant musings, on  
The waveless ocean of ethereal blue;  
Thy pilot, from heaven's host some chosen one,  
Himself invisible to mortal view;  
Oh! for the eagle's pinion to pursue  
Thy trackless track, the twinkling stars to see  
Made brighter by thy rays, with homage due,  
To hail thy advent sweetly all agree,  
And chant the poems sweet, of vast Eternity!

Sail on, thou Moon! and hold thy nightly reign,  
Queen of fair orbs, enchantress of the spheres!  
Time comes, however, when, with all thy train,  
Thou, too, must melt, dissolved away in tears.  
Yet, wherefore then terrestrial grief or fears?  
Thou shalt arise to lovelier state and name,  
Rise from the embers of forgotten years,  
Like some new Phoenix verging from its flame,  
With added glories crowned, surpassing, yet the same.

Knickerbocker.

## GENIUS.

Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art—  
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?  
Ah no! Where bright imagination reigns,  
The fine wrought spirit feels acuter pains;  
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,  
There, keener anguish rankles in the mind;  
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart:  
And those, whose gen'rous souls each tear would keep  
From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep!

## MISCELLANY.

## THE CAPTAIN AND HIS SON.

I have already mentioned the Emperor's talent in story-telling. When describing a naval action, his powerful words, like those of Homer, would set the waves of the sea in motion, make the cannon roar, and represent to your fancy the groans of the wounded. He would place you on board a line-of-battle ship, whose decks, covered with dead bodies and streaming with human blood, began to creak from the action of a horrible fire which was consuming the vessel, and whose thousand forked and glaring tongues darted through the open port-holes, and ascended like curling snakes the rigging and yards. This ship, which a few hours before rode sovereign of the bay of Aboukir, and contained more than five hundred human beings full of life, and health, and energy, was now deserted; for all who had escaped the hostile ball, and dread splinter, had sought their safety by jumping into the sea and swimming to the shore. One man alone remained unhurt upon the deck, and with his arms crossed upon his broad chest, and his face covered with blood and smoke, stood contemplating, with an eye of deep sorrow, another individual who still breathed, but who was seated at the foot of the mainmast with both his legs shattered, and the blood streaming from the numerous wounds he had received. He was sinking into eternity without uttering a single complaint; on the contrary, he thanked his Creator for withdrawing him from the world. His eyes were raised to behold once more the flag of republican France waving over his head. A few paces from the dying man, stood a youth about fourteen, dressed in plain clothes, with a dirk by his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. He looked at the wounded man with a countenance expressive of the most profound grief, combined, however, with resignation, which indicated that he also was fast approaching the term of life. The ship was the *Orient*, [burnt at the battle of Aboukir,] the dying man was Casabianca, captain of the flag ship of the Egyptian expedition, and the youth was the captain's son.

"Take this boy," said the captain to the boatswain's mate, who had remained with him, "and save your lives—you have still time—and let me die alone—my race is run."

"Approach me not," said the boy to the sturdy seaman; "save thyself.—As for me, my place is here, and I shall not leave my father."

"My son," said the dying officer, casting upon the boy a look of the tenderest affection, "my dear boy, I command you to go."

At this moment a dreadful crash shook the timbers of the ship, and the flames burst forth on all sides. A frightful explosion already told the fate of one of the victims of this dreadful day—and the same fate awaited the *Orient*. Already had the planks of the deck begun to kindle; the boatswain's mate was for an instant appalled, and cast a glance of longing towards the shore from which the ship was only about two hundred toises distant. "For," said the Emperor, "Admiral Bravais, the wretched man, fought pent up in a bay!" But this feeling, so natural to a man desirous of preserving his life, lasted only an instant; and the boatswain's mate resumed his careless air, after another attempt, on the captain making a sign to him, to seize the youth. But the latter taking one of his pistols, and cocking it, threatened to shoot him if he did not desist.

"It is my duty to remain, and I will remain," he said. "Go thou thy way, and may Heaven help thee! Thou hast no time to lose."

Another crash, which seemed to issue from the hold like a deep groan, made the boatswain's mate again start. He cast a look of horror towards the powder room, which the flames were now about to reach, and in a few seconds perhaps it would be too late. The stripling understood the feelings which that look conveyed, and, lying down by his father's side, took the latter in his arms.

"Go now," said he—"and you, my father, bless your son."

These were the last words the sailor heard. Springing into the water he swam rapidly towards the shore, but scarcely was he ten fathoms from the ship ere it blew up with a dreadful explosion.

"He was received by the people on the coast," said the Emperor in conclusion, "and came to me at headquarters; and it was he who told us of the heroism of young Casabianca."

"What should I do in the world?" said the latter to his father, who again urged him to go on shore; "you

are going to die, and the French navy has this day dishonored itself!"

"This was a noble boy," added Napoleon; "and his death is the more to be regretted that he would have gone farther perhaps than Duguay-Trouin and Duguayenne—and I am proud when I consider that he was a member of my own family!"

**KNOWLEDGE.**—What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute? Knowledge. What makes the vast difference there is between savage and civilized nations? Knowledge. What forms the principal difference between men as they appear in the same society? Knowledge. What raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy to the first honors of his country? Knowledge. What took Sherman from his shoemaker's seat, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the wisest and best of his compeers? Knowledge. What raised Simpson from the weaver's loom, to be placed among the first of mathematicians; and Herschel from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first astronomers? Knowledge. It is the philosopher's stone—the true alchymy that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the stores of creation and opens to us the treasures of the universe.

**MUSIC.**—When, indeed, music awakens national, military, local, or tender recollections of the distant or the dead, the loved or the lost, it then performs the high office of poetry; it is poetry, as Echo—in the Golden Mythology of Greece—remained a nymph, even after she had passed away into a sound.

**FORMATION OF A MUSICAL EAR.**—The formation of the musical ear depends on early impressions. Infants who are placed within the constant hearing of musical sounds soon learn to appreciate them, and nurses have the merit of giving the first lesson in melody: for we learn from the lives of eminent composers, that early fondness for the art may be traced to the duties of the nursery.

When a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when his imagination is at cuffs with his senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors—the first proselyte he makes is himself, and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch.

There is no such thing as perfect secrecy to encourage a rational mind in the perpetration of any base action; for a man must first extinguish and put out the great light within—his conscience; he must get away from himself, and shake off the thousand witnesses which he carries about him, before he can be atoned.

No, say what we will, you may be sure that ambition is an error; it steals away the freshness of life; it deadens its vivid and social enjoyments; it shuts our soul to our own youth; and we are old ere we remember that we have made a fever and a labor of our raciest years.

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.

He that does good to another man also does good to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the consciousness of well doing is an ample reward.

A man can not possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and he who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

What is called the law of nature is made up simply of two things—self-interest and reason.

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